ABILENE REFLECTOR

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STROTHER BROS.

THE SWEETEST THING IN PRINT.

"The song you quote is fine," said Hobe
To his poet friend Ted Gray,
As 'neath the spreading trees they walked
One rosy summer day.
"But oh! this morn—the sun's first rays
Had just begun to glint—
I saw the very sweetest thing
I ever saw in print."

"Was it in verse or prose?" asked Ted;
"Have you brought it with you?"
"I wish I could have, but that same
I had no right to do.
'Twas poetry so lovely that
'Twould melt a heart of flint."
Hobe sighed: "By far the sweetest thing
I ever saw in print."

"Pray give me some idea of it,"
His chum begged. "Well, I'll try:
Its hair was golden, and its eyes
As blue as yonder sky.
It wore a gown of calico
With dots of creamy tint,
And never was a sweeter thing,
I'll wager, seen in print."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A YOUNG WIDOWER'S STORY.

I lost my wife just about a year ago now, and strange to say, I am not in the least consoled. I am not anxious to attack any body of professional men, but I do think the doctors killed her.

I was ill myself for some time before, and when I met her, poor girl, I had been ill with nervous prostration, malaria and dyspepsia, the doctors said. The heat was intense. Just such a heated term as we have had this summer, and the brokers' office of Ackerly, Mackle-bury & Cords was not the coolest or most salubrious environment. I had the ticker in my hand, it had just marked "Wabash Preferred," when I heard the cheery, musical voice of my fellow clerk, Arthur Clark, say: "Hullo—there goes Horatio," and I was dimly conscious that I had tumbled into his long arms, and up against a rather warm waistcoat which covered the best heart in all this wicked world. Arthur had a house in an up-town street, while I only owned a weekly interest in a second-pair-back in a boarding-house; and when I succumbed what did this prince of good fellows do but have me put in an ambulance, and brought to his father's house, where a bed was made up for me in the empty parlors. His voice again was the next thing I heard.

"You see, old fellow," said Arthur, "my mother and sisters are out of town, and only the boys and the governor are at home; so as we didn't want to put the governor out, we concluded to give you the parlors, where he rarely comes in summer. So you are to lie here and get well: fine breeze through when the library door is left open, straw matting (rather the worse for wear), a few old pictures, of suspected authenticity, on the wall, gas fixtures done up in brown paper, mirrors covered with mosquito-net, Horatio Bronson stretched on a hastily-improvised cot, ice on head, taken down pretty bad, doctor recommends quiet, Arthur Clark, Esq., master of the situation. Dost like the picture? Moths, cats and mosquitoes thrown in, hand-organs subsidized; be still and get well. No emotion, if you please—forbidden, my dear boy, by medical advice."

Arthur rattled on and put me gradually into possession of the facts. From his lively investiture of my case, I presently sank off into a fever and lost all sense of time, place and circumstance. A doctor and a woman nurse became a part of my imperfect consciousness, and the large, deserted parlors of a city house, with its numerous pictures, became in a dreamy way the horizon of my confused and distressed vision.

There was a cattle piece in front of me, and a large dark red battle by moonlight in a heavy Venetian frame. There was a view of Venice, and a pretty little copy of Helen Froment, Rubens' wife. There was, of course, a Madonna della Seggiola, and a Cenci. Mr. and Mrs. Clark had been to Europe about twenty years ago, when no respectable American ever dared come home without the two last-named copies.

Over these pictures, and a little group of the Lacoon in the corner, did I dream, and perhaps rave. Arthur, dear old boy, used to come in and see me every evening. His personality stood out distinctly, and he has told me since (bless his heart!) that I always said: "You are doing your work and mine, too, I know you are," and that once or twice I was weak enough to—well—let that pass, we do not love each other any the less.

I got to listening to the sounds at night, and wondering what they meant. A loud, metallic thump on the pavement, as if some one had thrown a crowbar, which occurred about once in five minutes, amazed and puzzled me. Why should any one throw down a crowbar with marked periodicity? There was a little tinkling bell that came at three o'clock, just after the clock at 29th street had struck, which was singularly puerile and foolish, I thought. Then there were queer people who walked and stopped, and others who walked and didn't stop. Why didn't they all stop, or else walk on? I heard confidences of young lovers. Many a marital reprisal, not meant for my ears, came through the closed blinds. Many a group of young men went by with song and jest, and then came the long weary time from two o'clock to four, with only the episode of the crowbar, and the bell, and the clock, and now and then some other entirely inexplicable sound.

"I think we will leave his blinds open to-night to give him more air," said the familiar voice of my nurse to Arthur, one hot night, as my friend paid me his usual visit.

"Who is she?" I whispered feebly to Arthur. If I had a grain of sense or consecutive thought left, it always came to me when Arthur was in the room.

"One of the trained nurses from Bellevue, old boy. A nice girl. She is bringing you through splendidly. How do you feel to-night?—temperature rather high," and I sank off into sleep or something, with Arthur's cool hand on my brow.

When I awoke the gas was turned up, and my nurse stood over me with a wine-glass full of medicine.

"You must take this," said she, in a mildly authoritative voice.

I looked at her for the first time. She was a neat, elderly person, not at all handsome, but large and very powerful. It seemed to me at that moment as if she were Boadicea, or the Maid of Saragossa, or Miss Jex Blake, or something of that order.

As she poured down the draught I felt my whole internal economy obeying her. I swallowed, gasped, breathed, because she told me to. Then she left me.

The blinds were open, and moonlight streamed into my room. I saw the clouds, and the cats; I saw the passers-by. There was a balcony outside my windows, and several people clambered up on it and looked at me. There was a newsboy whom I had offended, and a member of the Stock Exchange whom I had failed to please. At one time the balcony became unpleasantly crowded, and again it was empty.

The sounds went on, and the crowbar fell with disagreeable persistency. Just then a lady stepped on the balcony and calmly entered my room.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me what that noise is outside," I asked.

"Oh!" said she, giving a little scream, rather astonished evidently. "A *man*—and a *bed*—in the *parlor?* What does all this mean, please?"

"Well, why not?" said I, rather offended, and with the egotism of illness.

Some scattering remnant of what once had been my intelligence suggested that this young lady might be one of Arthur's sisters, who had come home unexpectedly, and had stepped (forgive the dreams of a sick man) over the balcony into the parlor.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Helen Froment, the governess, said she; "sent down by Mrs. Clark for some forgotten books. The train ran off the track. I got here just now. I have rung and rung and rung, but as no one let me in, I, seeing the blinds open, naturally clambered over the iron railing, and here I am. Now, who and what are you?"

"I am a sick man, Horatio Bronson, I believe. Arthur brought me here."

"Oh, of course! How absurd? He wrote to his mother all about you. I had forgotten. My nerves have been so shaken by that railroad accident I had forgotten that you were here. I beg a thousand pardons for this intrusion. I will creep up into my room and disturb nobody."

"Stop a minute, my mind is weak. Turn up the gas, please, will you? How do you happen to be called Helen Fro-ment, like the picture on the wall?"

The lady laughed and turned up the gas. "It is a curious coincidence," said she. "The young ladies call me 'the Rubens.' I am simply a German girl, with a common enough German name, Helena Froment, the governess."

I took a good look at her.

She was a quiet girl, in a gray traveling dress, although I thought her smiling German face not unlike that of the picture.

Then the gas went down, and she went off, and the crowbar went on falling every five minutes outside, and the little bell tinkled at three o'clock.

About this time Arthur began to fade away. It seemed to me that I only saw him once after this, and then I said to him: "Nice girl, Helen Froment," in a jocular way.

He laughed and said: "What queer things you do say!"

"I mean the governess, your sister's governess," hoping he would tell me about her.

"Oh! yes; the governess; yes; ha! ha! Helen Froment. Oh! yes. Horatio, old fellow, keep cool; keep quiet. Yes—. She is a nice girl enough," but he laughed and would not explain.

Arthur disappeared about this time. I asked for him, and they said he had gone away. I should have missed him more, but Helen, Helen Froment, became so devoted to me. She did not go back to Mrs. Clark with the books. She staid and nursed me most assiduously. She could draw and paint very well in water colors, and finding that this quiet accomplishment amused without wearying me, she was kind enough to sit by my side and let me watch her. Then she told me quaint stories in a German accent, and read poetry to me, and in a low recitative, or in a sort of chant she gave my weary ears the relief of pretty and plaintive ballads of her own German land, which she sang in a pure, simple ballad voice, the best of all voices.

One hot evening she said to me: "Do you know what night this is? It is the eve of St. John. Midsummer Night, when the spirits of men go forth to meet God in the woods; the angels are all about us."

And she drew with her water colors for me a little picture of a procession of Druids walking in a forest, while through the gothic arches of the trees long lines of white-winged angels came down to meet them. I remember how cleverly she touched in the wings with a gleam of white.

But I was getting too much white about this time, and the strong white drapery and the sad face of the Cenci began to trouble me. I asked Helen to put that picture away, so I could not see it. "That I can not do," said she, "but I can throw my dark shawl over it," and she did.

Helen Froment, meantime Rubens' Helen, continued to smile and be amiable. I asked the other Helen to make me a little copy of that bright face, and to leave it where I could tip it up with my weak hand, and look at it a little nearer. This she did, but when I tried to grasp it, I found out how weak I was. I found that I could not even master that frail piece of paper.

"You must remember," said Helen, "you are still very ill," and she laid the sketch away in a drawer of my little table.

Then I began to get better, I was strong, convalescent. I returned in thought to the world, and with me into the land of health came the patient girl who had now become my daily companion. She did not take all the care of me. Two men seemed to do that. I could not exactly tell where or when they came in, but just about with the disappearance of Arthur, I should say—that vague, uncertain period, not far from the time when Helen came in. Somehow, I did not care to ask questions. Life was delightful enough, with the music, the painting, the poetry, which this accomplished girl brought into it. The other people made disagreeable noises, and were not altogether agreeable to feeble nerves. My men nurses tramped heavily and jangled glasses, and the doctor was, although the most respectable of his species, what I should call a loud man. Helen made no noise; she was the very essence of stillness, except when she sang or talked, and that was music which is not noise. Discord is what hurts us. Helen was all concord. Noise is discord. It seems to me that this state of things had gone on for weeks, and that I began to know Helen as a man ought to know a woman whom he shall love and marry. I began to watch for fitting opportunity to tell her that I loved her, that she was the being of all others to make me happy. I owed it to Helen to tell her so, and I felt that we must make some excuse to our friends for being so much together, that even the doctor might think it strange, that, perhaps, Arthur—yes—Arthur. *Where was Arthur?*

But when I was ready to frame these sentences, Helen always evaded me; sometimes a tinkling of that ridiculous bell—and the men nurses came in—sometimes the doctor himself, never Arthur.

The parlor began to look unlike the parlor. The piano was covered over with a white cloth, and bottles stood upon it. Nothing seemed changed on the walls but the cloth which had hidden the Cenci.

That had fallen, and suddenly the figure seemed to bend out of the frame, and to nod to me.

"Helen!" I shrieked—"Helen! Hide the Cenci from me."

Her cool hand was over my eyes in a moment, and the vision passed away.

"Poor, troubled brain," I heard her say, as she rubbed my forehead with her soft hand until I went to sleep.

It would be absurd to try to follow this love affair. Suffice to say we got to understand each other, and Helen promised to marry me. We had of course to wait until I should recover my health, which was as yet uncertain. I could not disguise it to myself that, although I had hours of health, that the bottles, the doctor, the bed, and the two men nurses remained.

Helen always said "patience, dearest, patience! all will be well. I will wait for you. You have a long summer before you, in which you must recover. Meantime let us go on with the reading, the music, the painting." Helen was sweet and consistent, and I obeyed her.

And then we constructed our whole future life. She was to be my economical help-mate; with her little savings and mine we could afford a modest home.

We would begin plainly and live cheaply. She would still ply her brush and I would dig away down in Wall street, but we should be together. We had our love as a splendid capital. That was invested for us, and with that we could not be poor.

These were days and nights full of happiness. Helen seemed to need no sleep. She was often by my side at that dread hour of three in the morning, wiping the dews from my brow and helping to account for the strange noises. We came to the conclusion that the periodic dropping of the crowbar was some midnight assassin of sleep repairing the elevated railroad. The little tinkling bell, we thought, might be some cat entangled in a network of resounding metal, the descendant of Ben the Cat, whoever he might be. Helen was the only person who had attended me through my illness, who ever tried to explain, and to help me out of my intellectual mazes. The others ignored them.

It was the power of love, that one blessed inspiration, which never tires, never grows antagonistic, never sneers and never treats as trivial the slightest wish or theory of the beloved object. Helen was always fresh. She seemed to have just stepped from her tiring-women, like Helen of Troy. I never saw in her the disorder of early morning or night; the fatigue and heat of the sick room never reached her. The freshest colors, the freshest flowers, the sweet, careful arrangement of her hair, the perfume of neatness—all this and more—followed my beloved and made her priceless. And then I began to call her my wife. To be sure, it was premature. But she forgave it. Perhaps the sweetest word known to the ear of man or woman carried with it its own apology. She should be my wife!

And preposterous as it was, she forgave me.

She was not by my side when I needed her most, when the two men were rubbing me with salt flannel cloths and the doctor was pouring brandy down my throat. Oh, how I needed her in that painful struggle, when, as they said, "the fever turned." How I needed her in those hours of mortal weakness which succeeded. I could not ask for her. I could not speak. I could only think and pray for her, and look at the door to see if she were coming in. It was the third day, I think, after this that the doctor told me that Arthur had the fever, up-stairs; that I had worn out two trained hospital nurses, and that I had been so delirious as to need the attendance of two men.

"These pictures," said the doctor, smiling, "have come in for a good deal of brain trouble," and he pointed to the Cenci, still covered.

He stepped to the frame and took down the cover. How poor and pale a copy it seemed, how utterly insignificant!

"But," said I, "doctor, all this is very well; but what has become of Helen, my Helen Froment, my wife?"

The doctor laughed.

"My dear boy," said he, "she was only a part of the fever. One of your insane dreams. That excellent Miss Hunt—she is elderly and plain enough for all professional purposes, but she had to ring the bell and summon Simon, you made love to her so fervently. She knew, however, that you were as mad as a hatter, and she will never sue you for breach of promise of marriage. She is down with the fever herself, poor girl."

I would not believe it; I did not believe it, and I don't believe it. I would wait and see Arthur, and ask him if it were not a conspiracy of my enemies. When we two met again we were two ghosts of long standing. The same imperfect plumbing which had made me ill had reached my generous friend, and together we had made night hideous for the respectable mansion in West Blank street.

But Arthur had not lost a wife as I had done, and he got well quicker. I could not help asking him if there was not some foundation for my theory of Helen. Had not somebody entered the house by the balcony that dreamy, starry night?

"Yes," said Arthur, "that was true. My sister's governess did come home late, after a railway detention, and did get in over the balcony, and was scared at finding you in the room. She was off the next morning however, bright and early, and you would not call her 'Helen' if you saw her now, I am sure." I did see her later; and I agreed with Arthur that she was not *my* Helen, at least.

But the memory was too strong to be shaken off. Where had gone that real, that beautiful person who had made me so happy? Where was that rare intelligence, that cool hand, that fresh, vigorous, untiring young girl? If I had created that Eve I was a demi-god. I could not surrender the powerful impression to disbelieve in her. It seemed like an infidelity to a real woman. What if, unknown to all the world, some dear creature, inspired by divinest pity, had deceived the nurses and the doctor, *had* entered and cared for me, *had* loved me and *had* accepted my love in return? I was pledged to this being. She was mine. She should be my wife. I should meet her again. I *shall* meet her again; I am convinced of it.

My doctor sent for Dr. Hammond to come and talk to me about the brain. He told me of one of his patients, who always saw Sir Walter Raleigh if he tied his necktie too tight, and so on.

"Doctor," said I, "will you kindly tie my necktie in such a manner that I can see Helen again."

"Afraid to do it, sir!" said the great brain man. "Helen was born of a severe typhoid delirium, and a picture. Your nurse—the curtain even took her shape. She was the æsthetic untouched side of your brain, the relief from the tortured side: that in you which loved music and painting and poetry, called itself Helen. No! I am afraid you have lost your wife."

"Doctor," said I, "do these spirits or visions paint in water colors?"

And I drew from a little drawer in my table, where I had seen her place it, Helen's copy of the Rubens.

"That's a pretty study," said the doctor, looking up at the original. "Done by one of Arthur's sisters, I dare say. They all have artistic talents, these Clarks."

"Doctor, I saw my wife paint that, and—look in the corner for the initials, if you will."

"Yes; 'H. F.,'" said the doctor; "a curious coincidence; Horace Farley, perhaps, but certainly not Helen Fro-ment—she has been dead two hundred years. You will get over this dream, my dear boy, when you are stronger, and out of this room, and away from that picture, which reached the brain just as it was in an excited state. It will pass."

But it has not gone; and I still have the little water color which has never been explained.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Mile a Minute on a Locomotive.

"Think of a man getting seasick from riding on a locomotive engine," said Counselor Farley, who last week shot down from Philadelphia to Atlantic City at the rate of more than a mile a minute to reach the bedside of a dying child. "'Seasickness' is, of course, not the term to apply to the disorder, but that expresses it better than any other name that I can think of. My ride created the same feeling of wretchedness that a few hours on the ocean always gives me, only, instead of its being caused by the rolling of a vessel, it was brought on by the pitching and tossing of the locomotive.

"I received a telegram telling me of my child's condition about two in the afternoon. Every moment after that second seemed an hour. I realized how extreme was the danger, for I had been up for several nights with the little one. I engaged a special conveyance at once. There was nothing but the locomotive, and I sat in with the engineer. Dispatches were sent ahead ordering all regular trains to run for sidings and remain until the engine passed. We were about a minute getting out of the built-up part of Camden. Then we flew, but no rate could be too fast for me. As we rushed along, we enveloped ourselves in a cloud of dust that was so thick at times that I could not see half a dozen yards ahead. The whistle screamed a note of warning almost every second. Indeed, it seemed to my excited mind that it was all one wild shriek, extending from the Delaware to the sea. After we had gone a few miles the engine began to pitch and toss, and as the speed increased the motion grew more violent. Now we seemed to drop into a gulf, then to rear into the air, and, again, as quick as thought, to be in the act of leaping into a creek. The trees and fields and houses were like a long, black, waving streak. I began to feel faint and dizzy, and if it had not been for the rushing wind I fear I must have swooned in that terrible cab. The engineer was perfectly cool. He afterward declared that never before had he gone at so high a rate of speed for so great a distance. I told him of my feeling of sickness. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have heard old railroad men tell how passengers had been made seasick by fast riding, but I never saw it before.' When we struck the meadows and I got a whiff of salt air I braced up a bit, but I felt queer and unsteady on my legs, even after we had reached the station and I had alighted. I felt as if I had just come in from a rough sea voyage. But I was in time. I once more saw the light of my child's eyes, fading fast, indeed, but still instinct with life, and in that everything else was forgotten." *Philadelphia Times.*

—American girls are popular in Mexico. The Chihuahua *Mail* thus greets two new arrivals: "Thrice welcome, fair daughters of Columbia, to the sunny clime whose brightness you enhance!"

—Drop Cookies: Six cups flour, three cups sugar, one and one-half cups butter, one cup milk and four eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar. —*N. Y. Times.*

The Dorsey Revelations.

We do not know how many vials of Revelation and how many seals ex-Senator Dorsey may still have to unseal, but his first book has had convincing testimony to its scriptural accuracy and fidelity.

It told the story of the corruption and purchase of a State, whereby the election of the whole country was corrupted. It told of contributions of money for that purpose by men who had no patriotic interests to serve, who had not even a political interest in the election, who did not care which party succeeded, but who did have a base, a sordid and venal interest in corrupting the very fountain-head and source of Federal justice in buying beforehand the nominations to the Supreme Bench.

He has told the story with dates, names and particulars.

No witness has arisen to question or to deny the truth of the whole story. One prominent Republican editor, goaded to fury by a stinging insult, has called Dorsey "liar" and "rascal," and one Brooklyn politician, whose name was not mentioned in the story, has uttered a feeble expression of disbelief.

But of those who could speak as witnesses, of those really competent to give evidence, of those who stood in the light of accomplices as well as of witnesses, whose reputation and good standing before their fellow-citizens are involved, not one has uttered one word of denial, contradiction, correction or disclaimer. They are dumb.

Jay Gould is charged with having subscribed a large sum of money on condition that he could secure the nomination of Supreme Court Judges who were friendly to his corporate interests. He does not deny it.

Huntington, who rests under the same charge, does not deny it.

Pension Commissioner Dudley, who was an active manager of the campaign, does not deny it.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury John C. New, who is now the real Secretary of the Treasury, was also a manager of this venal campaign, and he does not deny.

Ex-Senator Platt, who delivered the money with his own hands, does not deny it.

Banker Stephenson, who poured out the golden stream, does not deny it.

All of these gentlemen and every one implicated in this shameful business—all of them have been asked again and again to deny the story, but they refuse to speak; they are dumb. Their silence is a confession of guilt as convincing as any explicit avowal could be.

By the use of money and by the influence of money Indiana and New York, two States which had previously voted Democratic, were bought; a National election was obtained by bribery and purchase; the steps of the Supreme Bench were tainted with the slime of venality and corruption.

The condonation of the crime is worse than the crime itself. The silent and guilty criminals are not alone in their guilt. They are not outcast culprits. Not a bit of it. The party they have served stands by them. Not one Republican politician, not one Republican editor, not one member of the party has arisen to repudiate the bargain and the hucksters who made it.

On the contrary they glory in it. One of the most reputable Republican papers, the *Commercial Advertiser*, compares this corruption fund with the ammunition and rations of an army and laughs at "Sunday-school talk about money in elections" as "absurd."

Is this the worst? Have we reached the bottom? Or is there "within the lowest depth a deeper yet?" Unfortunately there is.

The worst of the matter, the worst of the whole bad business, is not that the criminals are silent, not that the accomplices are satisfied, not that the party of corruption rejoices in its corruption. The worst feature is the widespread, universal indifference, apathy, unconcern among the people.

Not to protest against such a crime is to acquiesce in it. Not to punish it is to invite a repetition of it; and yet, if the truth must be told, the people who were cheated, the people who were wronged, the people who were outraged and insulted are almost indifferent. A great political right has been turned into a farce; A great political power has been broken like glass; money has bought a State; money has elected a President; money has bought a reversion of the Supreme Bench; and, instead of the general outburst of indignation which should blaze across the country, we witness an indifference which can not be concealed—such indifference as lulled Rome to rest when a Jay Gould Crassus who had bought the Ædileship and who had bought the Prætorship had finally bought the Consulship.

And with such a state of affairs they tell us that the remedy is in the Tariff, or in Civil-service Reform; that the great burning question of the day is that our clerks shall be able to pass examinations in fractions and geography, or that pig-iron shall be made to cost a quarter of a cent more a pound.

The question of the day is none of these.

It is Electoral Reform.

We must purify our elections. We must protect the ballot-box. We must protect it against the open violence of the ruffian and against the subtler violence of the corruptionist. We must make the ballot represent the free choice of the voter. We must punish all crimes against the purity of elections—bribe-taking as well as bribe-giving.

That is the issue before the people of the United States to-day: that the cause in which the Democratic party is enlisted; the purpose that can give meaning to its counsels and strength to its efforts. The issue is drawn clearly enough. The Republican party stands ranged in battle array on one side, its forces all drawn up in order, its "ammunition and rations" ready, its Generals and camp sutlers and followers equally devoted to the common cause.

The real position of the Democratic party is on the other side. Across this line we must fight our battle; it will be the Armageddon of bribery and corruption and of Republicanism.—*N. Y. World.*

—A young couple, of Allegheny, Pa., were married recently within one hour after their introduction to each other.

The Republican Purchase.

Right in the face of the fact that the Republicans will need the services of Mahone in the organization of the United States Senate, the Republican journals are discovering that he is a very poor Republican, and that his utter and final defeat will not be very much of a misfortune to the party. This should be taken in the nature of a humorous effort to be honest upon the part of the Republican journals. We can't see why Mahone is not just as good a Republican as he ever was. Garfield considered him such a good Republican that he placed the entire Federal patronage of Virginia in his hands and gave him the unlimited authority to dispose of it at his own pleasure. Mahone is just as good a Republican now as he was then, and this change of tune upon the part of the Republican organs has a sweet suggestiveness which can not be overlooked. It is too late in the day for the Republicans to find fault with their purchase. It was a square out, open trade, and if there is anything about it, it is that Mahone has only too well carried out his part of the contract. The Republicans bought him without any defalcation or discount. They knew exactly what they were getting and were glad to get it. Such highly moral organs as the New York *Tribune* rejoiced greatly over the infamous transaction. Mahone was a prodigal son returning to his father's house, and a dozen fatted calves were none too many for the celebration of the family reunion. These prophets said Mahone's example would be imitated in every Southern State, and in a few years a prominent and influential Southern Democrat could not be found without a search warrant.

There has been a fearful disappointment, and the St. Louis *Republican* says that the fact is—and this is what galls and disgusts the Republican purchasers—Mahone has done the party far more harm than good. It was odious enough in the South before, but he has managed to make it more odious. Not only this, but his methods in Virginia have not merely demoralized and disorganized the Republicans in that State, but sickened the better class in the North. At the very time this class were trying to get rid of the curse of "bossism" in New York and Pennsylvania, the spectacle of the meanest "bosses" in Virginia, supported by a Republican Administration, was not pleasant to look upon. Conkling and Cameron were angels of light compared with Mahone. They had some decency and dignity even in their worst acts; he had none, and did not pretend to any. From first to last he has been "on the make," and the fraud, corruption and rascality which Northern Republican "bosses" tried to conceal, this Southern Republican "boss" flaunted in the face of the world. To "assume a virtue if you have it not" was foreign to his nature, for virtue was not in his line of business, and the semblance of it might embarrass him. So he has gone on in his own way, and a very pretty way it is when studied from the stand-point of human depravity and impudence. The Republicans have got Mahone; now let us see them get rid of him. He is for them, a veritable "Old Man of the Sea" firmly seated on the shoulders of the party, and resolved to ride as long as legs and lungs hold out. The party has made itself responsible for him and his, and that responsibility is an uncommonly heavy burden, as Republicans are now ascertaining to their sorrow and shame. It is safe to say that the next Mahone in the market will not be snapped up as quickly as was the present one. "A burnt child dreads the fire."—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

Sneers at Democratic Complaints.

A deal of cheap wit is expended in sneers at Democrats because they complain when elections are notoriously bought. It is argued that such a charge is a confession of Democratic degradation; that it is a shameful, humiliating thing to conclude that Democratic virtue is not proof against the temptation of money; that a Democratic paper or public speaker condemns the party in asserting that men who, if left to their own honest convictions of duty would vote the Democratic ticket, are hired to vote for Republican candidates. But it seems to us, that the shame is on the other side; that the disgrace attaches to the party that bribes rather than to the party that is defeated by bribery. Throughout the entire North, embracing all the States north of Mason's and Dixon's line, a majority of the poor are Democrats. This fact is honorable to the Democratic party, for it shows that labor and poverty recognize that party as their friend. Republican legislation has put the earnings of the many poor into the coffers of the rich few. The laws framed by Republicans have robbed labor for the benefit of capital until we now have the National Government and many of the State Governments managed in the interest and controlled by the attorneys of millionaires and great corporations. When a National election comes on these millionaires and corporations put a few of the millions of which labor has been defrauded into a campaign corruption fund, so that the poor man's own earnings come back in his hour of distress, when poverty is pinching his family, to tempt him to vote against his judgment and conscience. These are facts of history, and we do not see that they disgrace the party to which the poor belong. A change of a few votes in every county changes the political complexion of a State and elects a President. It is not a strange thing that, under the operation of laws that rob the workingmen, there should be a few in every county who are so poor that they can be induced to sell their votes.—*Washington Post.*

—Another telegraph company is announced. It is incorporated under the name of "The National," and promises to run from New York to Chicago, along the lines of the West Shore and the Nickel-plate Railroads. General Horace Porter is one of the projectors. *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—According to Commissioner Evans, there will be moonshiners in North Carolina and Tennessee as long as there are mountains in those States. He says he does not think illicit distilling can ever be fully stopped in those mountain regions.—*N. Y. Sun.*